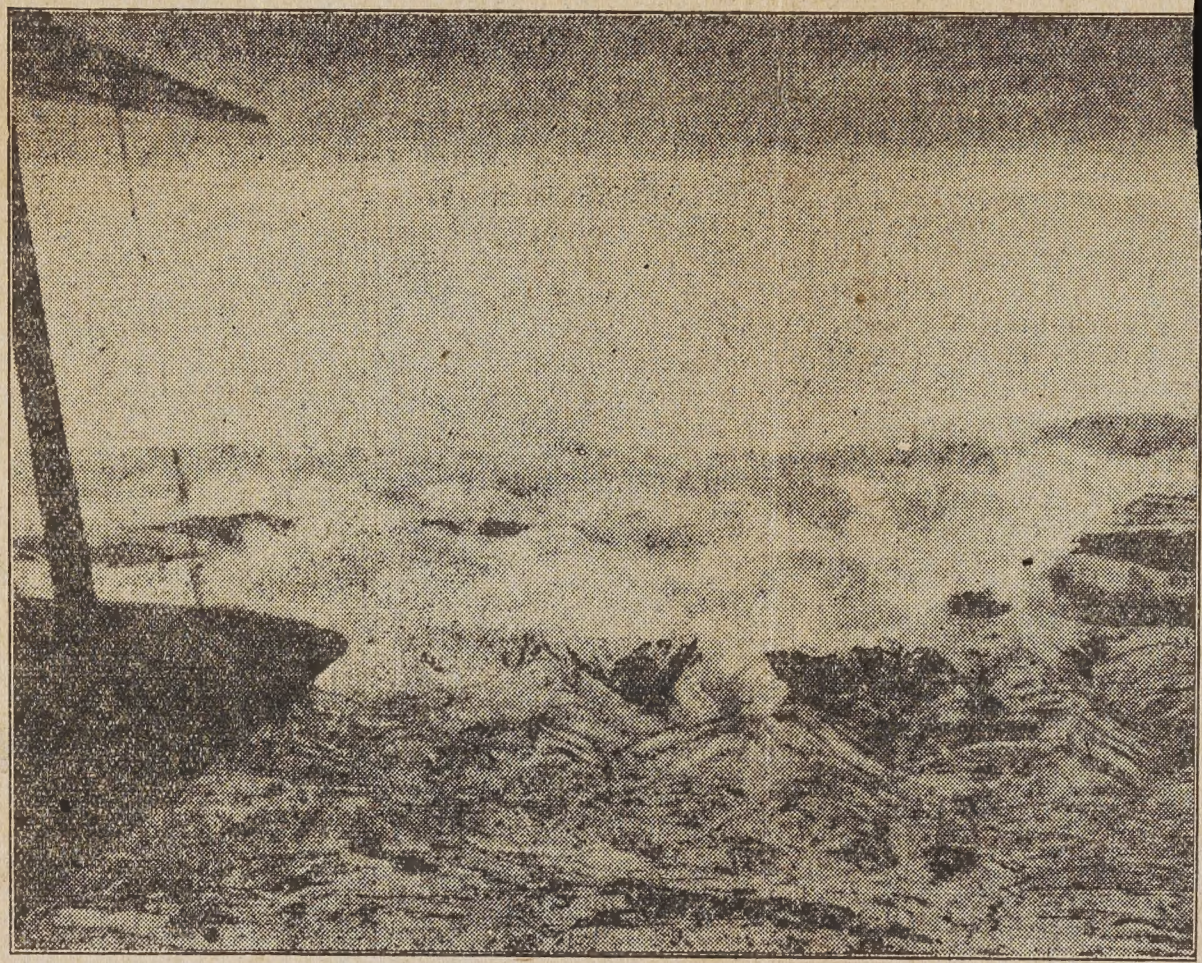
WHEN OLD MAN CHINOOK ROARS



This photograph, taken in exceptionally bad light, gives some idea of the impression gained by airmen as they battle westward against a 30-mile-an-hour Chinook wind. The great arch across the sky is seen, while beneath it are scattered clouds running before the rush of air. Lower is the first range of the Rockies. The picture was taken by a Herald staff reporter while flying 11,000 feet over the Highwood river in a machine piloted by Flight-Lieut. Albert Carter, M.M.

Who Bandy - Pincher Creek

When Weather Was Weather and Ears Were Tin; Sometimes

Cold weather was nothing in Calgary's early days, if the old timers' yarns are to be believed.

In fact the temperatures frequently went down to 40 below near the end of September and stayed there until the following June. One winter there was a change of government at Ottawa and the weather man was fired. Just to be contrary he hid the weather records, with the result that all points west of Winnipeg were forgotten. As a result the prairies had no summer at all. Next year they had summer all winter, or something like that. The buffalo got so thick that a man had to step from one buffalo's back to another to cross the road.

WHITER AND HEAVIER

Snow was a lot heavier in those days, and considerably whiter. It was so solid it could be fried for pancakes and nobody knew the difference. Hence the expression "fried snowballs." Several times the mail carrier missed the town of Calgary altogether. The drifts had covered up the general store and the Methodist church, the two largest buildings in town. He was half way to Cochrane when a Chinook overtook him, and he had to swim back with the horse.

THOSE TIN EARS

Many people use the expression "a tin ear" without knowing its origin. Years and years ago, before Indians wore pants, newcomers to Alberta frequently went about in the winter time without covering their ears. As a result there was a terrific crop of frozen ears. Now the poor fellows daren't go back without ears, and as a result the local blacksmith, who was also the dentist as he had the only pair of forceps in town, was commissioned to make a flock of artificial ears. He tried leather at first, but that was unsatisfactory. The leather got soft, and besides, the wearer daren't go near a horse without being nuzzled. Finally he hit on tin ears, and they were a big success, except in a hail storm, when the noise was terrific.

Maybe that sounds a little tall, but it's what the man said.

This a Mild Winter? Listen to Old Timer

Calgary Herald 28 Dec 43

Chatting with the Old Timer the other day I happened to remark something about the mildness of the winter. I regret that remark.

According to the Old Timer this winter is nothing at all compared with the winter of 1880-odd. That, he informed me, was the Year There Was No Winter.

When the Old Timer gets going nothing can stop him. I'll try to tell the story in his words.

"Well, sir, I had just come from Renfrew County and was fixin' to get me a homestead. It was about August then and I got a job harvestin'. No binders nor nothin', all hand cradled. Got a bit of a grubstake to tide me over the winter and a shack by the Elbow.

"Well, the fall was mighty warm, just like summer. It cooled off a little early in October, though we was mostly workin' in shirt sleeves, when we worked. Middle of December came and no snow. In fact it was warmer than ever. Some of the boys began to plant a few potatoes just to see what happened. When they started to sprout a lot of the homesteaders caught on and put in wheat and some garden stuff.

"Crops came up all right and by February were doing fine. We got rain instead of snow, not unusual considerin' the weather was like one long Chinook. Biggest trouble we had was with mosquitos. The danged things was as big as sparrows by now, not havin' died off in the fall like they usually do. It got so we carried baseball bats to fight 'em off. They was too fat to fly much, just buzzed around, slow like.

"Come spring the boys decided not to do no spring sowin' 'cause the winter-sown stuff was doin' so well. Began to get purty risky by midsummer, though. Potatoes up to your shoulder and wheat with stems like small willers. It come mighty hot in August and, fearin' fires, we had to cut the grain with bucksaws. The straw made fine drainpipes once it dried out.

"We decided to take up the spuds by September and that was a job. The little ones we could lift, but the big ones we just heaved up with a crowbar and let them lay. Carrots we drawed with a block and tackle. Feller south of me covered over a coulee to make a root house. Had to use a well sweep for a flail to thresh the grain. It was mighty lucky we had such a good crop 'cause next year there wasn't any summer at all. Did I tell you . . . . ?"

He didn't. I had made my escape.

—H. D. S.

Calhoun

COOL SUMMERS IN NEXT 6500 YEARS

4500 YEARS NOW SINCE IT'S BEEN REALLY WARM, SCIENTIST FINDS FROM STUDY OF EARTH LAYERS

1929

WASHINGTON, July 29. — The summers have been cool for the last 4500 years. They will continue cool for the next 6500 years.

That was the long distance record weather forecast given to geologists from 30 countries when they met here at the Sixteenth International Geological Congress.

It was 91 in the shade in Washington when the sweltering delegates heard Dr. Ernst Antevs, New England geologist, tell them of the cycles in climate, which he said were now confirmed by astronomical data.

11,000-YEAR CYCLES

There are cycles of warm and cool summers, each lasting about 11,000 years. The earth is now 4500 years along in the cool cycle, said Dr. Antevs.

Dr. Antevs described the results of his studies of "varves" in New England.

Varves are similar to growth rings in trees. They consist of layers of clay, mixed with organic matter, which become laminated every year in a sort of double layer, one for the Summer and Autumn, the other for Winter and Spring. During the Summer and Autumn these varves become dark, while in the Winter and Spring they are light.

Each one of these varves represents a year. As many as 35,000 of these have been counted, thus telling with a fair degree of accuracy the state of the weather up to 40,000 years ago.

CALCULATION OF THE CYCLES

According to results obtained from the study of the varves, now given independent corrobation by astronomical data, the following periods with either warm or cool Summers have been calculated:

Warm Summers—39,000 to 26,000 years ago, and 15,000 to 4,500 years ago.

Cool Summers — Started 26,000 years ago and lasted 11,000 years until 15,000 years ago. They began on their present cycle 4,500 years ago.

DISPOSITION OF LAST WEEK'S SLAUGHTER STOCK
Week Ended July 13th, 1933.

STOCK YARDS	SOLD TO PACKERS				SOLD TO BUTCHERS			
	CATTLE	CALVES	HOGS	SHEEP	CATTLE	CALVES	HOGS	SHEEP
TORONTO	3986	896	3435	3555	377	670	182	620
MONTREAL (W)	622	1504	701	1652	239	905	1960	562
MONTREAL (E)	8	29	19	--	140	680	150	202
WINNIPEG	1688	859	2738	990	15	64	7	7
CALGARY	515	--	1576	251	131	--	30	29
EDMONTON	490	46	1251	34	50	32	43	17
PR.ALBERT	4	7	389	3	10	--	10	--
MOOSE JAW	100	23	325	41	--	--	--	--
SASKATOON	129	94	1771	108	16	33	30	--
TOTAL	7542	3458	12205	6634	978	2384	2412	1437

SHIPMENTS OF STORE STOCK TO COUNTRY POINTS

STOCK YARDS	CATTLE				CALVES			
	Week Ended July 13	Same Week 1932	28 Weeks 1933	28 Weeks 1932	Week Ended July 13	Same Week 1932	28 Weeks 1933	28 Weeks 1932
TORONTO	964	1028	11499	11405	137	312	2033	2798
WINNIPEG	249	172	4644	5565	18	21	471	1022
CALGARY	101	139	3926	2725	--	--	--	--
EDMONTON	16	157	1969	3059	1	16	100	379
PR.ALBERT	22	42	107	230	3	6	20	30
MOOSE JAW	10	41	267	316	4	7	39	56
SASKATOON	54	153	573	945	4	--	108	12
TOTAL	1416	1732	22985	24245	167	362	2771	4297

B.D.W.
20-7-33.

Area Of Worst Crop Failure Lies Within Palliser's Triangle

OTTAWA, Aug. 1.—End of the crop year Friday drew attention to the prairie drought areas where crops are reported total failures and farmers in distress. For a century at least, records show, the country has been subject to recurring droughts.

The area of worst crop failure lies within the territory described in the days before settlement as the "great American desert." It is known now as "Palliser's Triangle."

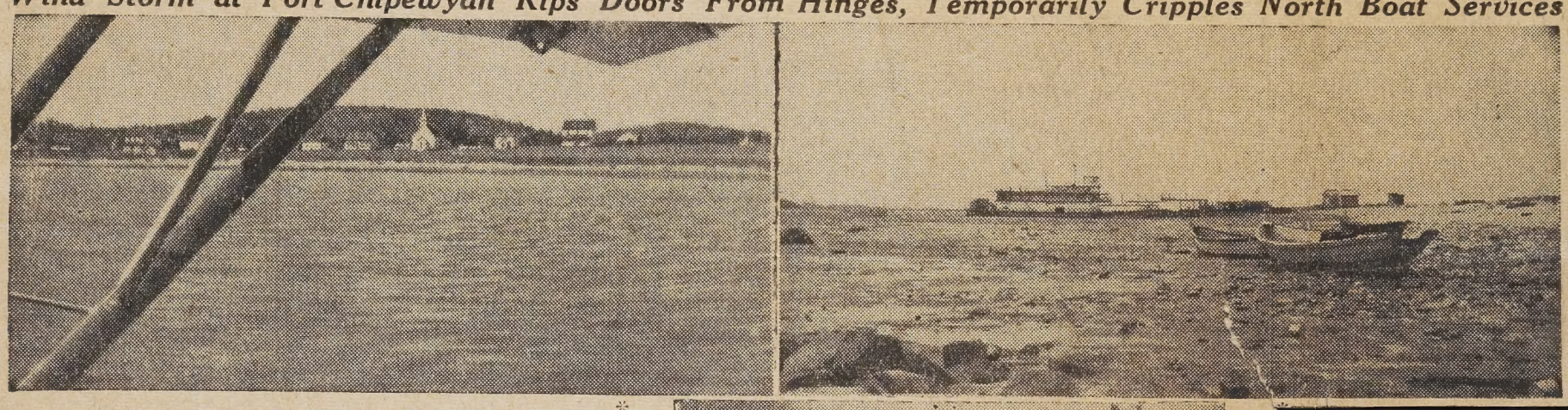
Capt. John Palliser, exploring the prairies in 1857-60 on behalf of the British government, wrote that the country was unfit for farming. He said: "The central desert extends in the form of a triangle from a base on the 49th parallel (the international boundary) from longitude 100 (near Killarney, Man.) to longitude 114 (near Pincher Creek, Alta.) and the apex to the 52nd degree of latitude (just south of Saskatoon). Outside of this area is the fertile plain."

John Oacoun, who explored the country later for the Canadian government, disagreed with Palliser. He believed wheat could be grown in the triangle. Records show both were partly right.

A bulletin on soil drifting control in the prairie provinces issued by the department of agriculture contains an 18-year record of Saskatchewan's crop district No. 3, typical of the bad sections of Palliser's triangle. From 1916 the record shows yields as high as 25.8 bushels per acre. The lowest before 1926 was 5.8 bushels in 1919. In 1929, however, the yield fell from the high mark to 6.8. In the subsequent five years the yields were: 8.4 bushels per acre; 3.1; 8.3; 3.7; 2.

During those years the farmer's return from his land was highest in 1929 at $7 per acre, lowest in 1931 and 1934 at $1.18.

Wind Storm at Fort Chipewyan Rips Doors From Hinges, Temporarily Cripples North Boat Services



Mighty Wind Halts Activity When North Settlement Hit

Storm Encourages Gossip In Fort Chipewyan Restaurant

BOAT LEFT ON MUD

This is the fourth in a series of artticles on life in Canada's north and Arctic regions being written for THE JOURNAL by Robinson MacLean, former EDMONTON JOURNAL reporter now with The Evening Telegram of Toronto. During a 7,000-mile trip through the north, Mr. MacLean will write other articles which will appear in THE JOURNAL.

By Robinson MacLean

FORT CHIPEWYAN, July 24.—If you ever studied meteorology, they'd tell you about Beaufort's scale.

Beaufort's scale is a gadget designed by an ancient mariner to tell how strong the wind is.

When the branches get blown off trees, and it's hard to walk, the scale says, it's a gale.

When there is "slight structural damage" it's a strong gale.

According to Beaufort's scale there was a strong gale in Fort Chipewyan as this is written—and this is how you tell:

The wind blew so hard that most of the tarpaper got blown off the roof of the barn of Staff Sergeant Thomson of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, who is the person responsible for deciding what the weather's like.

Water Blown Out

The wind blew so hard that it blew all the water out of this end of Lake Athbaska and left the barge-pushing s.s. Athabaska high and dry on the mud flats where there was five feet of water the day before.

The wind blew so hard that when this reporter went into the radio office to wireless about when the next plane would be along, he had the storm door blown out of his hands and off its hinges and half a block back into the bush.

Then the wind blew so hard into the doorway that it knocked down a 20-pound trap door that fell with a thud beside the radio operator at the key inside.

According to the Crees, who are watching this story being written, they're going to change the name of the steamer from "s.s. Athabaska" to "Skwoteo Oseh Metumoyoch Asiskayek" which means "Fire-Boat-Stuck- in-the-Mud."

Ship's Cook Hurt

And this reporter is stuck in the mud, too.

But he doesn't have to worry the way Captain Brown of "Athabaska" worries. Recently the cook of the Athabaska slipped and sprained his ankle, which means emergency rations.

Then the water got blown out from under the boat and there is no water for the passengers to wash in.

At mid-morning the engineer of the steamboat Stuckinthemud had to pull his fires, because the boilers were empty.

And that, roughly, is what it means at Fort Chipewyan when Beaufort's scale says "strong gale" and the wind is from the west.

Eats Fine Steak

So I sup with the Hudson's Bay company upon excellent steak (purchased, as all meat here, from Dan Mah's cafe, thence over the rocks a mile to the ancient buildings of the Catholic mission. There was a time in bygone years when it was the only mission in the whole northwest, and men with the cross of the Order of Mary Immaculate tucked in their girdles, paddled and mushed to reach it from Ile la Crosse.

It is raining hard when the talk is over, and Father Picard's raincoat is borrowed for the clamber over the rocks to town.

In the morning, Dan Mah's Cafe-Athabaska rocks in a gale of wind that shrills as loud as the moaning huskies. The sign of Canadian Airways has been blown from its bracket and it is obvious that no plane could land.

There is solace in Dan's kitchen stove and coffee, and those from the boat and town sit on Dan's counter and exchange the news of Fort Chipewyan and the river.

Mouse Trapline

From this talk it is learned that: Ali Hamdon, Syrian merchant of Chipewyan, has loaned a mouse trap to the son of Mrs. Woodman, Canadian Airways agent here, who is running a trapline in the post office.

Townspeople who wish the beach were cleaned of firewood find little encouragement since whenever a part is cleaned, it is chosen as a camp site by the next visiting band of Indians.

Armand, R.C.M.P. interpreter, who is the best barber in town, is away for a week or so and Emil Mercredi busies himself in Armand's absence, cutting Dan Mah's hair in the centre of Dan Mah's cafe.

The dollar- and two-dollar bills in outlying points like Fort Chipewyan get more and more tattered as they pass back and forth from hand to hand, and only when treaty money is paid and the crisp new ones and twos are brought to town can merchants get rid of the tattered old currency.

H.B.C. Post Manager Middleton reports that this winter, since mice are plentiful and birds are many, a good fur catch is expected. Ten thousand dollars' additional trade goods have been laid in on Chipewyan shelves. It will take 400 foxes and 500 mink to buy it off those shelves.

Caribou Shortage

At the dominion wireless station the operator, Staff Sergeant Fred E. Thomson, says the plane should arrive at 2:00 p.m.

He tells of last winter when the caribou came to town. Staff Sergeant Thomson was hunting in the woods and got no caribou. Meantime, a herd dashed through the village and a young buck got stuck in the Thomson fence. Mrs. Thomson promptly freed it, and Hunter Thomson returned caribouless.

Sergeant Thomson's sister lives at 77 Cranbrook ave., Toronto, but he hasn't been "outside" for five years. He wishes for rain because he is tired of carrying buckets of lake water to refresh his pea and pumpkin vines. His tomatoes have practically died.

The funeral of Old Nancy passes. She died at 81, having been born at Chipewyan and outlived, here, all her children and relations. Four Chipewyan pallbearers carry her to her rest. It is a mile and a half, over the rocks, to the cemetery and bearing the pall is no mere respect of position, but a burden borne for friendship.

"Wings" At Last

The wind abates through all its degrees, and the water licks back toward the dry paddle wheel of the Athabaska. There is the smell of cooking up the stove-pipe hole in the floor which entices the worker down, to find that Dan and Charlie Mah have cooked young Swiss chard and strips of lean beef, with onion sprouts, in soy sauce. Served on rice it is tasty.

With dinner finished, the sound of an airplane motor drones overhead. The wind is still, the water is back in the bay, the setting sun pins the plane against the grey sky bright as a dragonfly against dark velvet.

With the Hudson's Bay factor and the radio operator to the shore to find Capt. W. R. "Wop" May instructing that the plane be tied on the beach for the night. He flies to McMurray later, returning for this reporter's northbound voyage. He asks if the reporter wishes to go to McMurray for the ride, but one is reluctant to retake a taken step.

Toronto-born Staff Sergeant Thomson of the wireless, chatting over his back fence, asks of Toronto's new streamlined street cars; Syrian Merchant Ali Hamdon, over his counter, argues the rights and wrongs of Britain's intercession into Palestine; Charlie Mah discusses the Tong arguments in Toronto of a week or so past. The reporter clambers into bed convinced that the "Far North" is less far than of old.

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Woman Undergoes Sixth Caesarian

INDIANAPOLIS, July 24.—Physicians at St. Vincent's hospital reported Saturday that Mrs. C. Watts, 37-year-old Clinton, Ind., woman, gave birth to a baby girl by her sixth caesarian operation. Both Mrs. Watts and the baby, which weighed more than seven pounds, were said to be "doing well." Her first child was born in 1924.

Besides blowing tarpaper roofs away and doors off hinges, a recent windstorm at Fort Chipewyan blew the water from under boats tied at the west end of Lake Athabaska. Fort Chipewyan is shown top left, while on the right is seen S. S. Athabaska River, stuck in the silt with other small craft after the wind hit. Below is seen Captain Owen F. Brown, master of the 866-ton S. S. Athabaska River, who has been plying northern waters for many years. He had plenty to worry him the day the big wind left his boat and its two freight barges stuck in the mud by blowing the water out of the mooring bay on the lake.

Herridge Invited Address S.C. Meet

CALGARY, July 24. — Premier Aberhart announced Sunday he expects Hon. W. D. Herridge, leader of the New Democracy movement, to speak at a Social Credit picnic next Wednesday at Armena, Alta.

The Alberta premier, during his Calgary Prophetic Bible institute address, said that both he and Hon. E. C. Manning, provincial secretary, also will speak at the meeting.

If Mr. Herridge accepts the invitation, sent to him in Winnipeg, he probably will deliver only one address in Alberta, Mr. Aberhart indicated.

"I hope that there is no federal election until next year," Mr. Aberhart continued. "The delay will give the people time to learn about and understand the New Democracy movement."

Herridge Will Meet His Supporters Here

WINNIPEG, July 24.—Hon. W. D. Herridge, leader of the New Democracy movement, who arrived here Sunday by Trans-Canada Airlines, Monday conferred with leaders of the movement in Winnipeg. He will address a public meeting Monday night following which he will leave for Saskatoon and Edmonton.

"I did not originate this movement," Mr. Herridge told newsmen during an interview. "I am merely co-ordinating the people's protest against irresponsible changes in our constitution."

He discussed economic reforms and said "this is a people's movement . . . exhibiting tremendous vigor."

Mr. Herridge said he had no plans for speaking on his trip to Saskatchewan and Alberta, merely going to consult with local officers and organizers. Following his western visit he will go to the Maritimes and to Ontario centres.

COBOURG DOCTOR DIES

COBOURG, Ont., July 24.—Dr. George M. Ferris, 65, medical practitioner here for 40 years and for many years a coroner, died in hospital Sunday. Dr. Ferris spent several years as a surgeon on Canadian Pacific railway ships sailing between Vancouver and Japan.

The Swiss government may finance the manufacture of a "baby" car.

'Explorers' Saved After Ship Wreck

SEWARD, Alaska, July 24.—The United States coast guard cutter Morris reported late Saturday it had taken aboard the six members of the "Northwest Passage" ship Pandora, but that the 38-foot rebuilt halibut boat was a total wreck.

The members of the expedition, headed by Dr. Homer Flint Kellems, farmer - evangelist of Delaware county, Okla., including his his 21-year-old daughter Vivienne, were reported in "good health" aboard the Morris, although they were drenched by continual rain and exposed for 28 hours.

Wrecked with the Pandora were the expedition's hopes of being the first ever to cross the "top of the world" around North America, west to east.